

INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1872.

NO. 41.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.
IS PUBLISHED IN

STANFORD, KENTUCKY,

EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (Opposite)

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close and we need the money due us on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL.

A GOOD STORY FOR ALL.

Emily Wharton was the pride and pride of Riverdale. The old men reverently called her the "Village Angel"; the young men adored her by day and dreamed of her by night; and even her companions of her own sex felt for her a pure regard, free from the least tint of envy or jealousy. Had any one asked if she was beautiful, the reply would have been: "You sure don't know; but she is so good we all love her; we can't help it."

And if you, reader, had seen her glossy brown hair, her deep, tender eyes, of a dark gray, and her fair round face with gentleness and patience shining from every feature. You might deny that she was really pretty, but you would have to admit that she possessed charms superior to those of personal loveliness.

What little romance there had been in Emily's quiet happy life, she had made herself quite working for quite another object. Her parents being the wealthiest people in town, and her own heart prompting her to take the most worthy advantage of this blessing, she had often helped those in need, and accomplished it in such a quiet way that she avoided the ostentation of charity, and caused the recipients to feel a thankfulness unburdened by any sense of humiliating obligation.

It was one summer afternoon, while sitting with her mother on the piazza of their elegant cottage, that Emily saw a young man staggering under the weight of a heavy basket filled with vegetables. He was coming up the road, and as he drew near she saw that his feet were very pale, and bore too plainly the marks of care and sorrow. She watched him as he advanced, her face revealing the sudden sympathy which his appearance had inspired in her heart.

Resenting the house directly opposite, the young man let his basket rest upon the walk, and opened the gate; then, moving forward with his load, he essayed to enter, but the gate swung in barring his progress. Again he tried, and with the same result. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he looked about for something with which to hold the gate in position, and that he went in sight, a girl figure swept by him, and a sweet voice said: "I will hold it while you come in."

Surprised, and not a little embarrassed, he regarded her for a moment in silence; then, while gratitude shone from his kind eyes, he replied:

"You are very kind miss, I thank you."

And he wheeled his burden into the yard, gazing almost reverently at his gentle assistant.

"My mother thinks you have not been long in our village," said Emily, shyly.

"No, only three days. I'm a stranger, you see, and I don't get much work, but I shall by and by, I think, find a faint smile passed over his features.

"Papa has lots of work to be done, he may, it give you some if he only knew your name," continued the maiden, sighing.

"Thank you, my name is Thomas Wilson, and—I live on the flats." He spoke hesitatingly, and blushed as he mentioned the name of the poorest locality in town. Presently he looked up, but his companion was gone, and was now sitting on the piazza again as quietly as if she had not moved at all.

"That name drove her off," mused Thomas, as he went on with his song. "Well I don't wonder. It is a low place, but she was kind; there are mighty few girls who do what she did."

That evening, while Emily and her father were conversing—she trying to find out if he knew anything of the Wilson family, and in wondering what "the darling little witch was driving at"—the neighbor across the way came in, and re-

ferred to the incident of the afternoon, and added:

"It was good in you, Emily, very good; but they are rather low people—these Wilsons. They lived in Plymouth before they came here; in fact the old man died there. He was a hard one, it is said, and drank himself to death. I don't know, but I shouldn't wonder if the boy took after him, for he won't work steady. I hired him the first day he came here, and he was off in the afternoon; and the next morning he looked pale, and his eyes were red. I really don't believe he is of much account."

Emily, who was very far from sharing the caller's suspicions, was about to say that other things than drink caused pallor of the features and redness of the eyes, but, thinking that time used in argument is generally thrown away, she held her peace, and resolved to ascertain the facts for herself.

Slipping quietly out of the room, she assumed her habit, and then Emily departed, saying she would soon on the morrow and wash the dishes. Tom's gaze followed her until she was invisible, when he returned to the house, dropped on his knees beside his mother's bed, and thanked God for the friend which had been sent to them when starvation seemed inevitable.

The next day, and every day for a week, Emily Wharton brought the sunlight of her presence to that wretched abode, and cheered and comforted the invalid and her children, not forgetting to enlist the services of the village physician in the same cause. But he could do little for the sufferer; she could only be made easy during her brief stay on earth, she could not recover. And at length the time came when his words were to be verified, and Tom Wilson, standing at the side of the little couch, knew that his mother would not live an hour. Oh! if Emily would only come!

He could not bear this terrible blow alone, with little Alice clinging to him in fear. And still the terrible minutes dragged on, and in length Emily came and stood by his side, and to make him stronger she took one of his hands in her own. Together the three looked down upon the blanched face and wasted form of the invalid, and saw the closest move with labored effort, and saw the lips, as if praying for air. Great sobs shook the son's breast and tears rolled down his cheeks, and at intervals the words came forth in convulsive whispers: "Oh, God! God! must I lose my mother?" She heard him once and tried to smile, but she had not the strength, and instead she worked her hand along the counterpane until it touched his. That destroyed the last particle of his self-control, and sinking on his knees he wept as only a man can weep when anguish makes him a child before his God.

"Emily, you come in? You will find a wretched place, but we can't help it just now."

Emily made no reply, but followed him into the house. In the first room she found a candle, three chairs, and old cooking stove and an old-fashioned washstand. In one of the chairs, curled up asleep, was a little girl of about five summers, her long, black hair falling over a thin, pale face, on which her stony eyes were yet visible. Thomas saw Emily glance at the child, and he simply said, "My sister." But there was anguish in every accent. "My mother is in the next room. Would you like to see her?" he added, presently. The maiden inclined her head, and followed him into the chamber, where, upon a low cot bed, lay a woman evidently in the last stages of consumption. Her skin was nearly transparent, and her eyes, large and black, gave to her countenance a brilliancy weird, almost frightful. As Emily entered the invalid glanced upon her inquiringly, and said:

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"Curiosity is sometimes cruelty. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met as a friend," answered Emily, with a gentle reproof, at the same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so much coldness in this world, so little love. Oh! I know now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this afternoon. Poor Tom! he is nearly worn out."

"He tries to work outside and take care of Alice and me, but he can't do it all, so he has to let little work go sometimes, and then, I suppose his employers thinks he is idle. It weakens me very much having to do it all myself."

"Yes, Tom," and thus they were both in the presence of death.

Five years had passed since the night when Emily gave Tom her promise at the bedside of his dead mother. Very long and weary had been those years; many hardships, some doubts and many fears had come and gone, only to come and go again. Emily was now twenty-three years old, and looked upon by the villagers as an old maid, not that she was less attractive, but because she refused so many loves some distinguished and some rich.

"My child, my dear Emily," said her father, one evening, when they were sitting on the piazza, in the very same place where she had seen her only accepted lover, "I think you have done your duty in waiting. Your life is your own, and from the fact that you have not heard from Tom for two years, it is not likely that you will ever hear from him again."

"Don't fret! Oh, please don't," said Emily, shuddering.

"My precious daughter, I would not pain you for the world. It is only my love for you that causes me to speak thus. You proved to me that Tom was good, else I would not have sanctioned the engagement. He went away to make his fortune, taking with him his little sister. It is sad to think of anything having happened to him, but time and silence indicate something."

"He will come back, father," she replied, a far-off dreamy look in her eyes, "Tom will come back."

"It's a monomaniac with her," the villagers said, and with grief, for it was dreadful to see the fairest flower thus withered. But one morning Emily came down stairs singing and looking like her former self, and her parents wondered, for late she had been pensive and listless. The day drew to a close, and just at twilight a carriage dashed up to the door, and immediately there alighted a

mild, noble-looking man, who presently assisted a very beautiful young girl to alight. Together they came up the steps and into the house. Emily, standing in the parlor, pressed her hands to her heart, and grew faint with anticipation. Presently the door opened, and the gentleman entered.

"At last, my darling," he said, kissing her pale forehead smoothing her hair. "At last! Oh, how often I have prayed for this hour. I've been far away, Emily, in foreign lands, but the star at home always shone bright. I know you to be true, Emily, for God gave you to me when he took my mother."

"And I knew you'd come back, dear," said Emily.

Six weeks later Emily became Mrs. Wilson, and a happier home than theirs does not exist. Little Alice lives with them yet, but ere long she too will have a home of her own.

"Consider me Smith."

A good story is told of Dr. Caldwell, formerly of the University of North Carolina.

The doctor was a small man, and lean, but as hard and angular as the most irregular of pine knots.

He looked as though he might be tough, but he did not seem to be strong. Nevertheless he was, among the knowing ones, reputed to be agile "in a cat," and in addition was by no means deficient in a knowledge of the "manly art." Well, in the freshman class of a certain year was a burly beef mountaineer of eighteen or nineteen. This gentile conceived a great contempt for old Bob's physical dimensions, and his soul was horrified that one so deficient in muscle should be so potent in his rule.

Poor Jones, that is what we'll call him, had no idea of moral force. At any rate, he was not inclined to knock under and be controlled despatchedly by a man he imagined he could defeat. At length he determined to give the old gentleman a gentle private thrashing, some night, in the College Campus, pretending to mistake him for some fellow student.

Shortly after, on a dark and rainy night, Jones met the Doctor crossing the Campus. Walking up to him, sharply, "Hello, Smith! you rascal, is this you?"

And with that he struck the old gentleman a blow on the side of the face that nearly felled him to the ground.

Old Bob said nothing, but squared himself, and at it they went. Jones' youth, weight, and muscle made him an ugly customer, but after a round or two the Doctor's science began to tell, and in a short time he had knocked his antagonist down, was a straddle of his chest, with one hand on his throat and the other dealing vigorous cuffs on the side of the head.

"Ah! stop! I beg pardon, Doctor, Doctor Caldwell—a mistake—for Heavy's sake, Doctor?" he groaned. "Really though it was Smith!"

The Doctor replied with a word and a blow alternately.

"Oh, Emily, you are all that I have left! Oh, Emily, if I dared to love you—" He paused, and his body shook like a leaf. A sin he spoke.

"Emily, next to her I loved you. May I?"

"Be calm, dear friend," she said, tearfully.

"Curiosity is sometimes cruelty. Why did you come?"

"With the hope of being met as a friend," answered Emily, with a gentle reproof, at the same time placing her hand on the sufferer's brow.

"Forgive me, but there is so much coldness in this world, so little love. Oh! I know now, you are the young lady who helped Tom this afternoon. Poor Tom! he is nearly worn out."

"He tries to work outside and take care of Alice and me, but he can't do it all, so he has to let little work go sometimes, and then, I suppose his employers thinks he is idle. It weakens me very much having to do it all myself."

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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1872.

TO THE PUBLIC.

On the first of March, last, I engaged with Messrs. Hilton & Campbell, to assist them in the editorial management of their paper. Since that time I have done all that I could to assist in making THE INTERIOR JOURNAL a success. I am proud to say that the publishers have given to their patrons the best paper the county has ever had, according to the verdict of the people who have read it. That, instead of giving them a few numbers at first, which were good, they have improved upon each issue, until the county is proud of its local paper, and seems determined to give it a paying support.

"During these my professional duties will not permit me longer to devote due careful attention to the column demands, the best interest of the journal demands, the children from editorial comes, than this will, and shall devote my time to the prosecution of my law profession, the law. Hoping to live to see THE INTERIOR JOURNAL become a stronger exponent of Central Kentucky than any other local paper, I remain truly,

H. T. HARRIS.

TO OUR READERS.

Mr. H. T. Harris is no longer connected with this journal by any capacity. His contributions ceased with our last issue. The editorial labors and business management devolve, for the present, upon the proprietors. We will endeavor to make our paper acceptable to our patrons, and ask the support of all.

Respectfully,

HILTON & CAMPBELL.

The San Francisco diamond hoax has been exploded.

The total banking capital of the United States is \$33,917,470.

All the editorial and local matter in this issue is set "solid."

The floods of North Italy continue to devastate and render hopeless the pros-

pects.

Mr. Levi G. Suddeth committed suicide by hanging, in Bourbon county last week.

Bill Twyman was hung in Versailles on Monday last for the murder of Richard Tyson, he confessed his guilt.

The brothers Horace and James Witherspoon, who shot one another at Lawrenceburg last week, are recovering.

Jordan Meaux, m. e., was found hanging by the neck and dead near El Dorado, Mercer county, last Monday.

An infamous wretch, named Julius Julian, has been held in \$2,900 bond for sending obscene circulars to school girls.

One of the curiosities of the winter fire is a melted brick well. The heat was so intense that the brick melted to a running stream.

There were 47 letters sent to the dead-letter office last year that had no addressee, and 62,377 were misdirected to the writers.

Theists in France will end peaceably, as President Thiers sustained, not however, without making some concessions to his opponents.

France will adjourn on the 20th, to reassemble on the 6th of January. Very little business has been transacted, and none of special interest to our readers.

Mr. Sumner will urge a bill for the abolition of the electoral College, and to allow the people to vote direct for President, during the present session of Congress.

The building which was erected for the Boston jubilee cost \$250,000, and sold for \$10,000. The large drum which cost the Bostonians \$3,500, sold for \$82,000.

S. N. Pike, formerly a well known Cincinnati merchant, and the proprietor of the Opera house in that city, died in New York, suddenly, Saturday afternoon.

A mother gave to her son, who was committed to jail, in Carlisle the other day, a bottle of whisky and a pack of cards, with which to drive off the monotony of his cell life.

It was reported last week that Gen. Leslie Combs had shot and killed a deperdo to Grant county. It was a false report. General Leslie Combs says he hasn't carried a deadly weapon for fifty years.

The Lexington Statesman Company has decided to suspend the semi-weekly edition of that paper, and to issue the weekly only. The weekly will henceforth be published on Thursday, instead of Tuesday.

The Auditor of this State has issued his notice to the effect that the Guardian Life Insurance Company, of New York, having failed to comply with the insurance laws of Kentucky, is no longer authorized to transact business in the State.

The British Admiralty are about to dispatch an expedition to make the scientific circumnavigation of the globe. The scientific staff is composed of able naturalists and a competent photographic corps. The voyage will require about three years.

The court house and court room at Winchester, Kentucky, are said to be amongst the best in the State. They are adopted there, says the *Yankee*, a good idea of hanging the walls with the portraits of each county judge after retirement.

THE INFLUENZA IN IBERIA.

The Louisiana Embargo.
We gather the following from an article written by Professor James Law of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. Professor Law has furnished the public through the columns of the New York *Semi-Weekly Times* an elaborate account of the history of the disease, its cause and cure. The public should feel under deep and lasting obligation to the learned professor for the philanthropy displayed. He asserts that the disease is not a new one by any means, there being on record fifty outbreaks. Laurentius Rusch reports of the epidemic of 1820. A. D., as it appeared in Seville: "The horse carried its head drooping, would eat nothing, tears ran from the eyes, and there was hurried breathing from the flanks. The malady was epidemic, and in that year 1,000 horses died." Sauer describes it as of 1843, as he observed it in the French army operating in Germany: "It became a great prostration, resulting from the eyes, and a profuse discharge from the nostrils. There was loss of appetite and cold perspiration. Few of those attacked recovered." In 1818 influenza was widespread over the whole of Europe, operating from East to West. Short and Ratty assure us that in the British Isles it was preceded by a small outbreak, from which horses universally suffered. In 1803 Europe was again visited by the disease. "In 1809 America suffered in common with Europe, the horses proving the first victims on both continents." Again in 1832 it prevailed on both hemispheres, attacking indiscriminately, horses and men. In 1837 it once more prevailed on both sides of the Atlantic. Post and Messenger for Europe, record the infliction of horses and dogs. In 1875 after a severe winter and warm summer, with an earthquake in Wales, influenza spread over Europe, attacking horses and dogs first, and humans later. Poultry died in great numbers of an epizootic disease, first for the eyes. The similarity of the climatic condition preceding that outbreak and the present one, is not a little remarkable.

CAUSES.

The air seems to be the main medium of propagation, rather than food or drink; and the special agent of propagation seems to be one capable of indefinite increase, continual reproduction to a greater or less extent, in different phases.

The Frankfort Journal: "We find the following very suggestive paragraph prominently displayed in many of our exchanges:

"If this paper is borrowed you are reading, drop it and pay for it."

Can it be wondered that newspaper men are so unscrupulous? They are constantly saying things so offensive as the above to the majority of their readers. If the list of borrowers, non-paying subscribers, were included in such rebukes, there would be comparatively small numbers of their readers who would not mind the ban."

We have nothing to say on the subject, but we are keeping up a darned eight of thinking.

A NEW ORLEANS paper tells of a printer, who, when his fellow-workmen went out to drink, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit \$251.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill-health. Three out of five of his fellow-workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, and were discharged. The water drinker then bought the printing office, enlarged the business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put his money was worth \$100,000.

The Louisville Ledger asks us to correct the statement in our last issue that 400 Louisville families were down with the small-pox. We aimed to write 400 persons. The *Ledger* says 100 families is nearer correct. We direct the attention of our readers to an extract from the *Ledger* on the outside of this issue, for some information on the subject. We give the *Ledger* due credit for fairness in the matter, but are compelled to concur in the statement of the *Ledger*.

The principle is the same as in the old Wheeler & Wilson machine, but at the same time less cost and skill are required in its management. Sizes are crossed with ease. The work guided with scarcely an effort. Nearly double its former power. No under tension to manage. Every joint can be tightened as fast as it wears.

If a good veterinary surgeon is attainable, it will be secure his services. The usual manifestations may tax his skill. If the ignorant pretender is only to be disengaged him, along with all the rubbish of medical and characterized by the lack of force and facility, with unequal difficulty in breathing. In another, or at least, form, there is superabundance of fever, chills and respiratory distress, inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, diarrhea, and the passage of stools coated with mucus. In still another form, the rheumatic, there supervenes, on the fibrillary, catarrhal symptoms, pain, swelling, and stiffness of the jaws, neck, back, limbs, joints, which may prove long continued and obstinate.

Turk Harrold's paper says: "Gov. Magoffin has returned from a trip to the Northwest. While there he enjoyed a trip to the Western forts with General Hancock, his staff and a few gentlemen in civil life. The beautiful little island which the Governor discovered to be government land, was thought by everybody to have been entered years ago, and the speculators were much chagrined that so valuable piece of property should have beaten their very doors to be taken up at Government prices."

Sam an Eldritch (Kansas) paper: "Mr. Alfred Petrus, of Somerset, Ky., living now at Pawnee Rock, Barton county, Kansas, is visiting Mr. Dalton, of this place, one of his old Kentucky friends."

Both these gentlemen are formerly from Somerset, and we are informed that they have been quite successful in their adopted homes.

The Illinois Altimillers are endeavoring to meet in council and make a program of future operations, which shall leave them at least small profits after paying the government tax. So far nothing has been left but long lists of murders, fights, bloody noses, and empty bottles.—*Ledger*.

And you might have added impudent sons, starving and freezing children, broken hearted mothers, and inmates of prison houses.

Bates got to London with the American flag without encountering any trouble on the way. We don't feel like praising him for what he has done, but while some other people would charge his family twenty-five or thirty dollars for writing his obituary, we should like to have an opportunity to do it for nothing.—*Courier-Journal*.

A commissioner of the *Courier Journal*, writing from Danville, says: "We have an old Center College and a new Center College, but no students for either save a few boys of the town and neighborhood. The Theological Seminary has suspended business altogether, and is now used as a dwelling. The Caldwell Institute for young ladies is making a gallant fight against the neglect with which the world is disposed to treat all of our schools, and with flattering indications of success."

Mr. Gurney's will is to be contested several of his relations.

The British Admiralty are about to dispatch an expedition to make the scientific circumnavigation of the globe. The scientific staff is composed of able naturalists and a competent photographic corps. The voyage will require about three years.

The court house and court room at Winchester, Kentucky, are said to be amongst the best in the State. They are adopted there, says the *Yankee*, a good idea of hanging the walls with the portraits of each county judge after retirement.

The Doctrine.
There is an humiliating spectacle presented in the state of affairs of Louisiana as portrayed by the Associated Press dispatched from Washington and elsewhere. It's a disgraceful piece of hubris from beginning to end, and callously for interference from the strong arm of the Government. Truly, the case stands thus: Warmoth has been elected, as the results show; but Pinckney and his Adams gang of Custom House hangers-on have taken possession of the Governor's office, and hold it with Federal soldiers against the voice of the people expressed fairly at the polls.

In this deplorable state of case, the Liberals of New Orleans have petitioned Congress to either remove the bigoted carpetbagging governors or give them military rule. But inasmuch as the Bigots have it now all their own way, the people need hope for nothing at their hands.

The preference of the people for military government, however much

they abhor it.

Having just returned from the markets with a full line of

Fall and Winter Goods!

I now invite you to call and examine them before purchasing elsewhere.

These who want to be perpetually organizing can go out on the commons with the drill-masters and parades around until the rest of us are ready. The true word is, don't fire before you are ready, nor fire and fall back.—*Courier-Journal*.

The Doctrine.

What are we to do in Kentucky? Stand just where we are, stick to either, take care that our home is kept in order, and hold ourselves ready to move with the main body when it moves. We must avoid the example set by our friends in Tennessee. Judge Cradock tells us we are thoroughly organized, equipped and manned. We don't believe we are as effectively organized as we might be; still, we are pretty well off, and if we keep the breeds on, we shall excel for the present. There is no need to be in a hurry.

Those who want to go back to their principles may set out on their journey which will bring long and zig-zag.

Those who want to be perpetually organizing can go out on the commons with the drill-masters and parades around until the rest of us are ready. The true word is, don't fire before you are ready, nor

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BANKRUPTCY.

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS DOING BUSINESS WITH THE FIRM OF HARRISON & CO., IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

WE HAVE RECEIVED INFORMATION THAT THE FIRM OF HARRISON & CO., IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, ARE CONSIDERED IN A STATE OF BANKRUPTCY.

WE THEREFORE, HEREBY, NOTIFY ALL PERSONS DOING BUSINESS WITH THE FIRM OF HARRISON & CO., IN LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THAT THEY ARE CONSIDERED IN A STATE OF BANKRUPTCY.

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WE THEREFORE,

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1872.

Mr Perkins on Round Dances.

In a letter, Mr. Perkins gives his opinion of round dances as follows:

"Yesterday I asked a young lady if she danced round dances.

"Yes," she replied, "with my intimate friends. I don't dance them with strangers."

Happy and good young lady. She don't let only her intimate friends put their arms around her. None but intimate friends is hold her hand and draw her dancing bosom to her. Oh! no! Strange young fellows from Hulkenberg come up on a first introduction and encircle her in their arms—unless they're good looking and practiced in the subtle art of the Brown boys. This good young lady is the only girl in Saratoga who will not gladly permit an entire stranger to be presented, and then fall squarely into his arms. O tempora, O mores! I guess old Cicero would have exclaimed worse than that if he had seen Miss Cicero Africana three minutes after a Coliseum introduction. Now, then, my dear mother in Israel, do you think all this is just right? It is the ritual of society; I know; but can't society have its rigors as well as religion? If it is wrong for a fellow to touch a young lady's hand in the parlor, is it altogether right for a stranger to encircle her in his arms in the ball room? Don't, my dear mother, think for a moment that we follow diabolit! Don't think we are willing to clasp your daughter to our aching hearts, for we are. We can hold them in our arms for hours, and never tire of the delightful amusement. Don't think we are sick of it, but with us it is a question of morality. We want to be good."

The old lady who refused to ride in a mail coach because she didn't think it right to ride altogether with gentlemen, is here, and she holds her daughter's opera cloak every night while she dances with the "hugging Brown boys." De gustibus, etc. Hugging is a terrible word, but we are dealing with terrible facts.

Personal Egotism.

Mr. There are very few parents who, unable by language, in instruction, can understand that the elements of personal freedom should be eliminated in the management of children. The parents a judge, and the judge must be dispassionate, else all authority is weakened.

Let us see how it works. John breaks a vase. His mother is very much irritated at the destruction of her favorite vase, and punishes him, not according to his sin, but according to her amanuense. She does not stop even to inquire whether or not the vase was broken "by one of those unavoidable accidents which might have happened to herself or to me most careful person. In thus punishing her child she is only of self-indulgence and cruelty. She has wounded his respect and his affection for her and has done much to destroy her authority. The child feels that his mother is only avenging her own personal grievances.

A few days later the same John is guilty of an act morally bad. It may chance that no evil consequences follow. The mother is glad to avoid trouble, and she lets it pass with little or no admonition. Johnny is a sharp little boy, and puts two ideas together very quickly. "It does not matter that I do wrong," he says, "if I only don't bother mamma. But I must take care not to touch anything of hers, else I'll catch it." It would be hard for family government to do a child a greater injury than to leave just this impression upon his mind. The mother has succeeded in confounding all moral distinctions in his mind, has weakened all authority, and set the example of selfishness, cruelty and injustice.

Honesty and Hope.

To save Coal.

The most practical suggestion yet made toward economy in coal seems to be the use of solid bottom in ordinary fire grates. It is asserted, and indeed proved, that in any fireplace not excessively small, a plate of iron placed upon the grate will save the consumption of coal, reduce the smoke, and leave a cheerful free burning fire. Quite sufficient air enters through the bars, no poking is necessary, and the fire never goes out till the coals are consumed. Any householder can try this experiment, and reduce his coal bill, say, thirty per cent., at the cost of a shilling.

A Misunderstanding.

The person went in to grieve with Mr. Jones. Poor Jones! It was very sudden; and the widow was altogether inconsolable. So the person prepared to depart, saying, as he took his hat:

"Will love you, poor bereaved one, with this injunction, pray—pray that God will vouchsafe his comfort; that he will enable you to perceive the promised love in me."

"Oh? person?" he inquired, "how can you think of such a thing? It's too—too premature, I assure you!"

Money Order Decision.

The Attorney General has decided that after the remitter of a post-office order has sent his delivery to a person to whom he is liable, he cannot stop the payment of it, but he is liable to whom it is made payable, if entitled to have the account paid to him, making demand. This is a decision which our readers will do well to

see in the Commercial.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris, Ky., according to the Kentuckian, sends his big-toe bill off without giving him the old nulla bona, and giving place to perfectly binded ones. The gentleman is perfectly healthy, having no disease of body or feet.

Here is one of the soundest temperance arguments we have ever encountered.

The only temperance railroad in the United States—indeed, in the world—it is said to be the Marietta and Pittsburgh, running from Marietta in Cambridge, distance of fifty-nine miles. Every officer and employee of the road is a practical temperance man, and not a single fatal accident has ever occurred upon it since it was first opened. This is suggestive as far as it goes; and it goes fifty-nine miles.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

The amount of national bank currency authorized is \$353,017,170. Of this \$108,618,270 is held in the six little New England States, while New York and Pennsylvania have a fraction over \$103,000,000, and the Southern States, including Kentucky, have only \$30,976,108. This leaves for the Western States about \$102,000,000. Is it not high time that Congress should legislate for the benefit of the country at large, instead of that of New England?—*Courier Journal.*

All Wrong.—The practice whereby boys stand in front of the open house entrance at the close of the entertainment with their umbrellas raised and their trowsers rolled up. It is provoking indeed for a young lady, who after observing those indications of prevailing rain, stops in the lobby, fixes her things, covers her head with something and muffles herself generally, to step out under a starlit, chilly sky, and hear the wicked boys giggle. It is very wrong.

A young lady who had been studying French, entirely wrote to her parents that she was invited out to a *déjeuner* the day before, and was "going to a *fête champêtre* the next day." The professor of the college was surprised to receive a telegram from the "old man," a day or two after, saying, "If you can't keep my daughter away from these blasted managers and side shows, I will come down and see what all her."

The blossom, when crushed, yields its sweetest fragrance; the swan breathes its most thrilling melody in its death song. No creature, however lovely, is perfected until it has passed through the ordeal of suffering. It spiritualizes the whole in its life; it detaches the soul from earthly things to which it has, perchance, clung heretofore, and brings it nearer the things

of the invisible.

"WHAT'S to become of me if you die?" asked an affectionate wife of her receding husband. "I don't know," he responded, querulously. "It would look better in you to be thinking about what is to become of me."

This company shall never get another cent of my money," said an angry lady on a railway train. "How then will you travel?" asked the conductor. "I'll pay my fare to you."

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Have not advanced prices since the

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McALISTER & MILLER

Are offering greater inducements in

Winter Dress Goods

Than before

Boston Fire.

Now is the time to buy your Boots and Shoes of McAlister & Miller before they

ADVANCE!!

MCALISTER & MILLER

Are receiving daily large invoices of

READYMADE CLOTHING

Which they are selling at

OLD PRICES.

Before purchasing elsewhere, call on

MCALISTER & MILLER.

COAL

T. T. Davies, agent for the sale of Wm. Owney's superior Coal, will furnish coal in any quantity to suit purchasers, at the lowest market price.

LUMBER!

Lumber for Sale.

I AM PREPARED TO FURNISH ALL KINDS OF

Poplar Lumber,

Cut and Sawed Shingles,

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At the LOWEST prices for CASH.

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